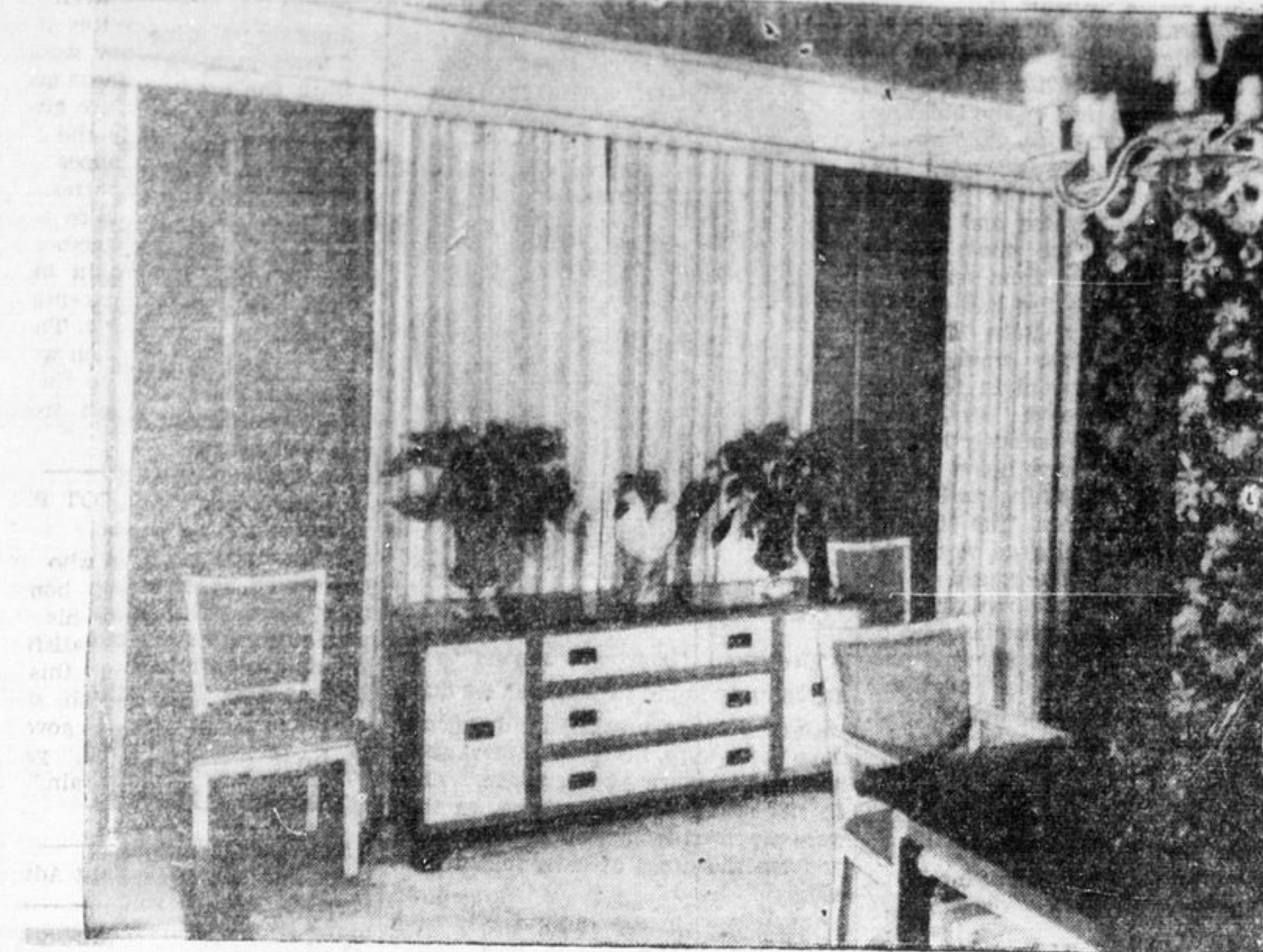




PLEASANT HOMES

by Elizabeth MacRea Boykin

LACQUER FINISHES FOR FURNITURE



Most of our furniture is finished in lacquer, even that in natural wood tone. But many decorators are featuring colored lacquers in a wide variety of smart effects. Here shown is a dining room furnished in lacquer pieces done in shades of soft green.

(By Elizabeth MacRea Boykin)
Lacquer finishes for furniture are making decoration conversation these days, but modern lacquers are far different from the finishes by the same name that have been used in the Orient for two thousands years or more. Those old lacquers were made from the sap of certain trees and the finishes dried best in a damp atmosphere. Whereas our modern lacquers are synthetic and quick-drying.

A MELLOW FINISH
But the same lovely satin surface is the appeal of both types and even the functional modern designers like this mellow finish for furniture designed in today's vernacular. Actually more furniture, even the familiar wood finishes, have a clear lacquered glass as a final protective coat and to enhance the natural grain of the wood, but the last year has seen an important revival of the coloured lacquers by the designers. These pieces are sometimes combined with natural wood finishes, sometimes used with other contrasting colour lacquered pieces. Often the lacquered modern furniture has a Chinese feeling, but not always.

Recently we saw a dining room with all the furniture done in this softly lustrous finish, offering at the same time a wide range of other colours to choose from. At the same exhibit we also saw antiques in the old types of lacquers, often decorated with scenic painting.

The reason for coloured lacquered finishes are to achieve colour and contrast in a house in which most of the furniture is in natural wood. The advantage of lacquer over the more familiar enamels is that it has a softer deeper quality of tone, is not as prone to chip.
The very fine lacquer finishes involve expert craftsmanship. We are told that they usually get three coats then a protective coat of transparent lacquer that is rubbed on by hand. These special processes of applying lacquers make their surfaces highly resistant to heat, water or alcohol, though they are not absolutely guaranteed to be foolproof against abuse. In other words they take a lot more punishment than a usual finish, but the sky is not the limit.

STILL AVAILABLE
The war picture as far as lacquers go is this: lacquer finishes on finer types of modern furniture are still available. And antique pieces with the old types of lacquers are still about too, but of course there won't be any imports for the duration.

As for the lacquers you used to be able to buy in cans and splash over your own home-talent furniture, well, they're getting hard-to-get. We inquired around and found that there are cans of it on the shelves of some stores in certain bright and gay colours, but lacquer-thinner which you might need with it is scarce and more will not be made for civilian use till victory. So you might have to do a bit of hunting around to find the proper ingredients for a home job. If you are going to undertake a job like this on your own, remember that you can't use lacquer over old paint; you must have a clean surface or a lacquered surface. However it goes over most any material—metal, wood, glass or plaster.

But the war limitations shouldn't be too discouraging, for the fine synthetic resins from which most of our domestic lacquer is made today were developed after the last war from surplus of materials for explosives and at the same time from the need for better quick drying finishes for automobiles. Chemists stepped in and developed synthetic resins that provided wonderful and versatile new finishes for many uses. Not only are these lacquer bases used for paints but they have been used for waterproof coatings on many fabrics and papers, wall-papers, book bindings... even the gold thread of which George VI's coronation robe was woven was lacquered! So present experimentation for war will probably step-up the talents of lac-

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

Relief matters featured the first regular meeting of the town council ten years ago. The mayor and all the councillors were present, these being as follows:—Mayor, Geo. S. Drew; Councillors R. Richardson, Dr. S. L. Honey, J. K. Massie, Geo. W. Parsons, J. Morrison, and Moise Maltais. A communication was received in regard to an accident on Oct. 29th, 1932. Mayor Drew pointed out that this was the first notification the town had received of the accident and so it was impossible to secure full evidence then as to the condition of the streets and other matters at the time of the accident. The liability of the town in case of accidents was covered by insurance with an indemnity insurance company and the letter would be forwarded to the insurance company, but it was a pity that the accident had not been reported at an earlier date. Other matters were brought up at the council meeting and discussed.

Her many friends deeply regretted to learn of the death ten years ago of Mrs. J. C. ("Paddy") Rowe at her home, 65 Wilson avenue. She was taken ill a few days before with the prevalent influenza and despite all that care and attention could do she passed away Wednesday, January 14th, 1943, leaving the house at 2 p.m. to the United Church and then to the Timmings cemetery. The sincerest sympathy was extended to the bereaved husband and other relatives in their loss. Two daughters from Toronto arrived here twenty minutes before their mother passed away.

Much of the time ten years ago at the Kiwanis Club luncheon at the Empire hotel was taken up with reports on the progress of the Timmings Relief Fund plans and discussion of the One Day's Pay idea and relief work in general. Great success was being met with in the canvass being made by members of the Kiwanis Club to induce employers and employees to donate if possible one day's pay of all those in steady employment for the assistance of those out of work and in need. Some of the canvassers quoted interesting incidents encountered. One was the case of a restaurant where the proprietor felt he could not afford money but was ready to supply meals to some of the unemployed for his share, the meals to be awarded by the committee. Another similar case referred to was that of a shoemaker who was ready to do shoe repair work through the committee as his share. Emphasis was given to how the money was to be spent and that men securing relief under the plan would be required to give work in return. Special emphasis was given to the fact that each and every case would be thoroughly investigated before the granting of relief. This was in justice to those who donated and to assure that the money would only go to worthy cases.

Wire circles of friends in Timmings learned with very deep regret and sorrow of the death on Saturday, January 7th, 1933, of Miss Marie Proulx, nurse-in-training at St. Mary's Hospital, and very popular in the younger circles in town. At the time of death she was only nineteen years of age, and the end came after a very brief illness. She was the victim of an attack of the

quers still further when peace comes. (Released by Consolidated News Features, Inc.)

prevalent influenza, pneumonia developing and despite the utmost that care and attention could do, death coming after an illness lasting only three days.

The Advance contained the following article ten years ago:—"Just before one o'clock Monday afternoon H. Hatton noticed smoke in his barber shop and promptly gave the alarm. The brigade were quickly on the scene and through the efficiency of Chief Borland and his men a serious fire was averted. While part of the brigade saw that there was no one left in the building to be endangered by the dense smoke, other firemen traced the fire. It had originated in the boiler room and had a good start. By the use of one water line and the big chemical tanks the blaze was extinguished. The damage to the boiler room will be about \$300.00, but the losses to tenants from smoke will be large, though the fire was confined to the boiler room.

George Poirier, 17 years of age, and Adolore LaTour, 19 years of age, who were found guilty ten years ago of burglarizing a storehouse of the Consumers' Co-operative Co., were sentenced that week. Poirier was sentenced to not less than three months nor more than two years less one day, while LaTour was given the term of not less than three months nor more than two years. The difference in the indeterminate sentences on the two was no doubt due to the fact that LaTour gave information that assisted the authorities in clearing up the case. The robbery at the Consumers' Co-operative was in the early morning hours of Dec. 29th, 1933. One of the town police saw three men coming through a lane, two of them carrying large bags. The officer thought the matter worth investigating and hurried to question the men, but they hurried still more, dropping their loads and running different directions. Shortly afterwards LaTour was picked up on street, following up clues, and the following day Poirier was placed under arrest. Three 100-lb. bags of granulated sugar and two boxes of loaf sugar were all taken from the storehouse, and these were recovered. The impression that the police had was that the sugar was desired for use in a still in the district. Although the third man implicated in the robbery was known he left town apparently and for the time being, could not be located.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance ten years ago, were the following:—"Rev. Bruce Millar and Mrs. Millar are on a visit this week to Moosonee, being the guests of Geo. W. Lee, chairman of the T. & N.O. Railway." "H. A. Proctor, who came here some weeks ago from Kirkland Lake, had the ill fortune some evenings ago to fall on some icy ground, breaking his leg in the accident. He was taken to the hospital where he is making excellent progress to recovery though he will be laid up for some weeks as a result of the accident." "A. F. Kenning, M.P.P., returned last week from a visit to the South and East." "Born—At St. Mary's Hospital Timmings, on January 5th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. White, Hoyle—a son." "Born—To Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Farrell, of 33 Montgomery avenue, Timmings, on Wednesday, December 28th—a daughter (Erna Ruby)."

Toronto Telegram:—"With that old monthly notice from the auto finance company missing, life doesn't quite seem the same."

Vincent Woodbury Writes of the War Effort of the U.S.

Now "Old Rip" is Fully Awake from His Dream. Urges Co-operation and Goodwill Among All Good People.

The following letter from Vincent Woodbury who prides himself of being a citizen of two great cities—Timmings and San Antonio, Texas,—and a loyal supporter of two great nations—the British Empire and the United States—sends the following inspiring New Year's message from his home in San Antonio, Texas, to his other home and friends in Timmings, Ontario:—
San Antonio, Texas,
New Year's Day 1943

To the Editor of The Porcupine Advance, Timmings, Ontario.
Dear friend:—
"Oh, That Flagon, That Wicked Flagon!"

It must have been a New Year's morning in '42 when old Rip Van Winkle awoke in the hills along the Hudson and uttered these words. Old Rip shook himself, looked around for his dog which was gone, picked up his trusty squirrel rifle which now had nothing but the barrel left, and moved down the hills toward home.

It really hadn't been twenty years since last night to poor Rip; it was nearer twenty-five years since he walked up those lovely hills into dream-land.

Now there were changes. There was no longer a George the Third, nor was there a George Washington, but there was a Pearl Harbour! "Oh, That Flagon, That Wicked Flagon," he moaned and went to work.

The program set for the new year by the War Production Board and its fellow agencies calls for \$90,000,000,000 worth of munitions output, which is the entire national income of a highly profitable peacetime year.

The past fateful year saw the death of the Government trying to pack water on both shoulders—permitting production of civilian goods in peak volume and simultaneously arm the fighting democracies. That was history in '41—50,000 machine guns and 3,700,000 electric refrigerators.

In February '42 the automobile industry was ordered to convert to weapons or close shop. It converted. The year before it had built 5,000,000 cars with fancy chromium and stainless steel, and we got in comparison 2,000 planes monthly.

The automobile industry quickly fell into military step. Within six months the rest of the consumer, durable goods industries, big metal users, went to war.

The conversion job is done. The result is public record: Since joining the Allies it has produced, 49,000 planes, 32,000 tanks and self-propelled artillery units, 17,000 anti-aircraft guns, and 6,000,000 tons of merchant ships.

Most of the munitions turned out last year have not yet reached the fighting fronts, moreover the weapons had to be scattered over the globe—Russia, China, Britain, Africa, Australia and the South Pacific. BUT in '43 with the United Nations now making the fight, taking the offensive, choosing the fronts, American arms and men can be concentrated and hurled against the Axis with redoubled effect.

The year, this year, is going to be by far the year of greatest co-ordinated production this country has ever seen. Civilians will take their place in line with the Army, the Navy, the Mari-

time Commission, and other claimants on the pool of materials. Shortages will be felt increasingly as discontinued lines of goods disappear one at a time from shelves and showcases.

War industries, employing less than 7,000,000 last year, now have some 17,500,000 concluding '42 and will boost to 20,000,000. Armed Forces now something over 5,500,000 will rise to 9,000,000 in '43. Employment in civilian industries, already cut from 29,200,000 a year ago to about 21,000,000, will have to be further reduced. Farm workers are estimated at about 8,100,000, off 200,000 from last year.

Miracles have been wrought. Russia's stand and success which gave the Allies a chance to get set and function stands out pre-eminently, they really did "the trick".

Well Old Rip has been pushed over the lot pretty well. His teeth were kicked out, they hit him when the referee was not looking, and he took an awful trimming before he could get equipment, cleaned shoes, uniforms and balls. Now in '43 the second half starts. We are going to get the ball now and the Allies during this half will let loose a razzle-dazzle, some spinners, tricky reverses, laterals, forward passes, and some good, old-fashioned line plunges.

We are all going back out onto the field. "That wicked Flagon" ain't no more! That intoxication of self content and self-satisfaction that hit us all for many years is buried deep under the piles of human suffering. Up now, from the shadow of death, we grow with a might under God's guidance to win through to a just Victory.

Yes, Rip, the first half was rough; many innocent have been destroyed and murdered; but somebody is going to pay for it—one starts with an N and ends with azies. The other starts with J and ends with apes, I mean apes. Two guesses should be enough.

Happy New Year, Folks! Let's this time as we go over the goal for the final touchdown single out no individual victor, "The British Navy", or "We won the War", but give credit all to one another in a wholesome and companionable way and stick together for future protection under One who obviously leans low to welcome and to bless us.

Yours,
Vincent Woodbury

Thrilling Times Enjoyed by Sailor from North Land

Ship Carrying T.N.T. Hit by Bomb. Torpedoed Vessel Makes Shore. Submarines Scrape Bottom of Boat.

No adventure story could be more thrilling than the account given by a former resident of the North in regard to his life as a sailor on the Merchant Marine. This former resident of Kirkland Lake has seen a bomb hit square on the boat carrying T.N.T., and yet the boat escaped serious damage. He watched a dive bomber hit a Dutch T.N.T. ship, when six men were thrown 400 yards into the air, and yet lived. While on convoy duty the ship in which he was engaged was torpedoed, but managed to make harbour. He tells how he has heard submarines scraping the bottom and sides of vessels on which he has been travelling. Other incidents as thrilling are related. Here is the story as told in last week's Northern News:—

Reg. Wood Tells of Life in the Merchant Marine
He was turned down by the Navy and the R.C.A.F. but his contribution to the war effort of the United Nations is probably as great as that of any man in fighting uniform. He's sailed most

of the seven seas, been to South America, Iceland, England and most of the ports in the Western Hemisphere. He is a member of Canada's Merchant Navy—Kirkland Lake's own Reg. Woods.

"My first trip to sea was on an oil tanker bound for South America," he said. "All my voyages have been uneventful except for the occasional air or E-boat attack. We usually sail in convoy but there have been times when we were surrounded by subs. I've just completed my fifth ocean crossing."

The former Kirkland Lake hardware salesman, wearing a ring with the "MN" insignia of the Merchant Navy inscribed on it and a badge of the Norwegian Mercantile fleet on the lapel of his sea jacket, told of the many harrowing sea experiences he has had and taken as a matter of course since leaving Northern Ontario in August of 1941 to sign on with the merchant marine.

"One of my first ships was a medium sized Norwegian cargo vessel," he said. "Three Norwegians are the best diesel men in the world—and Reg. should know—he's a motorman himself. I saw a German dive bomber hit a Dutch TNT ship in an English harbour a year ago. Six men, three Dutchmen, two Yugoslaves and a Norwegian were thrown 400 yards into the air and lived. They were badly smashed up when I saw them in hospital but they lived."

"Another time I was travelling in convoy with a TNT ship when the Jerry raiders came over. A bomb fell on the forward hatch, killed three men but by some miracle didn't touch off the explosives."

"Near the coast of England my ship was attacked by Nazi E-boats. The attack on the convoy lasted for four days and four nights. Our gun crews were at 'action stations' 24 hours a day. The German boats sped in among the ships coming so close it was difficult to hit the enemy without hitting our own ships. We were torpedoed in the bow but were able to make port."

"I was staying at an English town several months ago when a German raider came over. The bomber bombed and strafed a school house and killed five or six civilians in the streets."

"There are times at sea when you can hear submarines scraping along on the sides or bottom of your ship. They travel directly below you for days at a time. When corvettes let go with their depth charges, we men of the engine-room crew catch the echo of the explosions. The report is a crackling noise—just like some-one banging on a piece of metal with a small hammer. He went on, "We occasionally lose our convoy. If the night is particularly black, if there's a heavy fog, if a storm comes up or if we have an engine break-down, we may drop out of the convoy. Somehow we're always managed to pull through."

"On one of our trips the waves were so heavy we smashed all the rafts and lifeboats on board. "During one of my voyages I shipped with a chap by the name of Bill Popp from the Charlton area."

"I think the most hospitable place I was ever in was St. John's, New Brunswick. The people there are just like mothers and fathers."

"While you people in Kirkland Lake eat pork and steaks we eat fish. For 12 meals a week we have fish—all kinds of fish—fish for breakfast, dinner and supper and fish for dessert. We have fish soup, fish stew and even fish cake. It's really been swell visiting Kirkland Lake and seeing my old friends again but I'll be glad when I get back to the coast and out to sea again," he said in conclusion.

Motorman Reg. Woods is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Woods, 54 Wood street. He was formerly a salesman for the Mitchell Hardware working both at the Kirkland Lake and Larder Lake branch store. Before joining the Merchant Navy Reg. was well known in local sporting circles as a wrestler of no mean ability.

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